

H Y M N

ON THE

Sufferings and Death

OF OUR BLESSED

LORD and SAVIOUR,

Jesus Christ.

WHEREIN WE MAY SEE,

- I. What our holy JESUS suffered for us.
- II. The Evil of Sin, which put CHRIST to such Sufferings.
- III. The Love of CHRIST, that endured such Torments for our Redemption.
- IV. The Fulness of the Ransom paid for us.

COL. iii. 16. *Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs.*

EPH. v. 19. *Speaking to your selves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the Lord.*

EDINBURGH,

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.



CHRISTIAN READER, this Manual
to you I recommend,
Who has not Time to read, nor Money
for big Volumes to spend :
Wherein a true, methodical,
and brief Account you have
Of the Suff'rings of JESUS CHRIST,
from his Birth to his Grave.

This Mystery of Godliness
is very great and high,
GOD manifested in the Flesh,
the Sp'rit did justify.

So greatly GOD did love the World,
that freely he did give
His only lov'd begotten Son,
that we through him might live.

And JESUS CHRIST has suff' red Death
for our eternal Good ;

And wash'd away our scarlet Sins,
in his most precious Blood.

iv *The Publisher to the Reader.*

Herein is Love, not ours to GOD;
but his to us most large,
In sending down his only Son
our great Debts to discharge.

A greater Love than this hath none,
nor none can comprehend,
Than that a Man should stake his Life,
and lose it for his Friend:
But GOD commends his tender Love
unto us in this wise,
In that JESUS CHRIST dy'd for us
when we were Enemies.

GOD sent him not into the World
that he might it condemn;
But that he might be manifest
a Saviour unto Men;

Who also is at GOD's right Hand,
ascended up on High,
And's making Intercession there
for us continually.

Then fear not, little Flock, and few,
'tis your Father's Pleasure,
To give the Kingdom unto you,
with th' eternal Treasure.

Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
what Things GOD hath above,
Beyond the Thoughts of Man, prepar'd
for them that do him love.

Now therefore let us boldly come
(in certain Hope to speed)

Unto the Throne of Grace, for Grace
to help in Time of Need.

And let's sincerely search and try
the Ways that we have trod;

And unfeignedly turn again
unto the Lord our GOD;

The Publisher to the Reader.

For he's merciful, and gracious,
and unto Anger slack,
Of Kindness great, and one that will
his Judgments soon call back:
Working out our Salvation
with Trembling and with Fear;
That barren we may never be,
nor fruitless Plants appear;
Using all Circumspection,
that so we may find out
Our Calling and Election,
to make it out of Doubt.
For neither Circumcision
avails with GOD above,
Nor yet Uncircumcision, but
true Faith that works by Love.
For we must every one appear,
and personally come
Before the Judgment-seat of Christ,
for to receive our Doom:
And accordingly as each Man
hath in the Body done,
And as the Work is good, or bad,
so will his Sentence run.
Then live in Peace and Holiness,
whereto ye have your Call;
And then the GOD of Peace and Love
will still be with you all.
READER, Be Follow'rs of the Lord,
as Children dear and true;
And walk in Love with one Accord,
as CHRIST hath loved you.
Obey all Rulers over you,
that warn you in the Lord:
And, for their Work's sake, prize them much
that preach to you the Word.

Let

Let all be done to edifice;
 for GOD's the God of Peace,
 In all the Churches of the Saints
 to make Disorders cease.

Oh! let your strong Affections
 , on Things that are above;
 And let no Worth of Things on Earth
 be Motives of your Love.

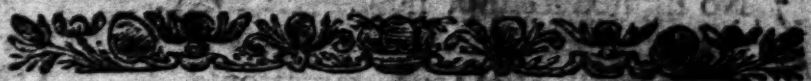
For we are sav'd by Grace, through Faith
 wrought by the Holy Ghost:

Not of our selves, nor of our Works,
 lest any Man should boast,

To GOD the Father, and the Son,
 and Holy Ghost, therefore,
 Be Blessing, Praise, Honour, Power,
 and Glory evermore.

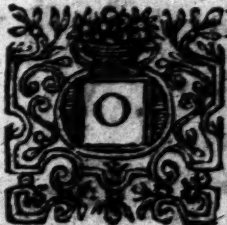
ROBERT HENDERSON,





A HYMN, &c.

To be sung with the common Times of our Psalms.

1  HEAV'NS and Earth O blessed be
the supreme Lord and Head,
Who sent his Son for us to die,
and suffer in our stead.

2 Yea, bless'd for ever be the Son,
for his redeeming Love;
Whose Eyes, in Tenderness to us,
did with Compassions move.

3 A Mystery of Wonders doth
in's Birth and Life appear;
He seal'd his Promise with his Blood,
his Ransom cost him dear.

4 O wonderful! O immense Love!
O bless'd and happy News!

GOD manifested in the Flesh
the Heart of Man renews.

5 Here's Ground of Admiration great,
ev'n that King CHRIST was born
In Poverty, for to enrich
the Sons of Men forlorn.

6 His Place of Birth was *Bethlehem*,
his Bed the Asses Stall,

He's swath'd in Rags; BELIEVER, lo
he saves thy Soul from Thrall.

8 *A HYMN on the Sufferings*

7 No lighted Lamp, no Candle there,
no Angels to attend :

Th'immortal GOD for Man atton'd
he born was for that End.

8 Tho Light that's inaccessible
this Prince of Life possess'd,
Yet he's in Darkness born, and he
in Darkness died at last.

9 From utter Darkness them to save
whom GOD hath given to him,
His Glory thus was vail'd, because
of Guiltiness and Sin.

10 O strange to see! Of purest Light
the Fountain brought so low,
In Stable born, in Manger laid,
where Horses use to go.

11 Then, O BELIEVER, don't thou grudge
however mean thou be,
Thy Prince was poor, to sanctify
thy Birth and Life to thee.

12 His Birth was low, his Life was mean,
oppress'd without Relief;
A Man of Sorrows, tryst with
Toil, Poverty, and Grief.

13 He who was great above the Law,
under the Law was made,
Fulfill'd the same in every Point,
for's Elect lost and dead.

14 Then we're through him at Liberty,
from Condemnation fre'd;
Since over us his Skirts of Love
he lovingly hath spread.

15 Bewild him in the Wilderness,
there destitute of Bread;
His Poverty so great, had not
whereon to lay his Head.

16 The

and Death of CHRIST.

16 The Devil boldly him attack'd;
But, by the Word of GOD,
CHRIST his Temptations overcame;
he under's Feet them trode.

17 Then we this Copy ought to learn,
by imitating him,

Thus by the Spirit's Sword to fight
the fiery Darts of Sin.

18 He's persecute by high and low,
for to preserve us from

The Vengeance of an angry GOD,
and from his fiery Throne.

19 So humble was our blessed Lord,
he mildly entertain'd

All the Reproaches cast on him;
thus he hath us excem'd.

20 In toilsome Tract of Weariness
he travell'd, doing good;

With Sweat of Face he labour'd still
to gain his daily Food.

21 With Ignominy he's harais'd,
both on the Sea and Land;

They said, He wrought by *Beelzebub*,
Chief of the hellish Band.

22 The horrid sacrilegious Crime
of *Blasphemy's* impute

By them to him; so he became
a Man of no Repute.

23 His Parents mean, himself but poor,
they little worth him prize:

His Kindred, and Profession, they
most basely did despise.

24 Lo! He, whom Angels honoured,
abased is of Men:

Whom Heav'n adores, revil'd by Earth,
vile Miscreants him stain.

10 *A HYMN on the Sufferings*

25 He suffer'd Hunger, to provide
Heav'n's Family, and Earth's;
He's oft in Want, we're saved by
his ignominious Death.

26 Behold! Of pure Serenity
the Source and Fountain dry'd;
And through *Jerusalem* he is
a Necromancer cry'd.

27 He Thirst endur'd; yet Fountain is
of true Felicity:

Of Drink deny'd, us to provide
with Crystal-Streams on high.

28 Then we not weary must, when call'd,
to bear the Cross for him:

He'll us relieve, tho' we're inthrall'd
with Bonds and Cords of Sin.

29 He's likewise weary, to procure
us Rest within the Vail:

When almost sunk, in's wearied Course
did rest on *Jacob's Well*.

30 And at his Death, this tired PRINCE
a wearied State is in.

He could no further bear his Cross,
till *St. John* helped him.

31 Thus he, who doth uphold the Heav'n's
and Earth's Foundations by

His Word of Pow'r, at length is like,
with Toil, to sink and dy.

32 But here's not all, the greatest Part
of's Sufferings twas begun.

That Night wherein he was betray'd,
when he a HYMN had sung.

33 Did institute the Sacrament
of's Supper, then he went

Thro' *Cedron's Brook*; both cold and deep,
with Cold was like to faint.

34 Come

- 34 Come now, BELIEVER, see thy King
suppress'd with Divine Wrath,
Inſomach that he's ſore amaz'd,
ev'n ſorrowful to Death.
- 35 The Darling of the mighty GOD
here in a Garden lies
In Agonie, and, ſweating Blood,
his Cov'ring was the Skies.
- 36 With Soul Perplexity he's crush'd,
in bitter weeping he
More earnestly intreats his GOD,
O! Take this Cup from me.
- 37 Nevertheless thy Will be done,
O Father, Lo I ſtand
As Cautioner, that juſtly I
may plead at thy Right-Hand
- 38 For thoſe, who from Eternity
with me thou Cov'nant made,
I'm willing thee to ſatisfy,
ev'n in their Room and Stead.
- 39 Since that thy Elect's Surety I'm
by Juſtice rack'd within;
I will to ſuffer, bleed, and die,
to expiate their Sin.
- 40 Thus, as the Ram in Thicket caught,
he's made a Sacrifice;
Heav'n, Hell, and Earth, in hard Purſuit,
were all his Enemies.
- 41 'Twixt Mill-ſtones of infinite Wrath
he's bruſ'd, with ſweating Blood
His Graments burſt, it gush'd forth,
Drops on his Body ſtood.
- 42 O Travellers to Heav'n, behold
your bleſſed JESUS ly
In Darkneſs, ſwimming through a Sea
of GOD's Severity!

12 *A HYMN on the Sufferings*

- 43 Before he could invest his self
with's Glory, which he left,
That he might purchase through his Blood
for us eternal Rest.
- 44 This plainly doth hold forth to us,
what Tribulations we
Must undergo, ere we arrive
to true Felicity.
- 45 O Love unparallel'd, in CHRIST!
who from Eternity
Plac'd his Delight with Sons of Men,
at Length for them to dy.
- 46 As the first *Adam* in Garden sinn'd,
the second *Adam* found
The Weight of the Eternal's Wrath,
in's bleeding on the Ground.
- 47 In Garden he's betray'd, behold!
His En'mies are at Hand,
Sent from the chief Priests him to take;
curs'd *Judas* led the Band.
- 48 The Traitor with a Kiss salutes
(of Treachery) his Lord:
A Sign, by which these Ruffians bound
this spotless Lamb of GOD.
- 49 Then they thro' *Cedron's* Brook him plung'd,
to *Cajaphas* he's brought
By his insulting Foes; 'gainst him
there's false Accusers sought;
- 50 Yet none was found that could agree
when he examin'd was:
They said his Silence argued Guilt;
he's judg'd by unjust Laws.
- 51 O see by Faith! Of Heav'ns and Earth
th'impartial Judge to stand
Before an earthly Judge, to give
Obedience on Demand.
- 52 He's

52 He's in *Jerusalem* on Earth
for's Doctrine question'd by
A Priest of *Aaron's* Order; yet
he's Advocate on high.

53 To plead in Heav'n's *Jerusalem*
for's Saints, he'll leave them never;
This High-Priest he's the Order of
Melchisedec for ever.

54 Yet *Peter* thrice deny'd this Prince,
the rest they from him fled:
He's left, with Garments red, th' Wine-Press
of's Father's Wrath to tread.

55 His En'mies most inhumanely
did spit into his Face;
The *Sanhedrim*, by cursed Laws,
treat him with high Disgrace.

56 His Face more fair than Sons of Men,
which dazzle doth the Eyes
Of Saints and Angels glorify'd
the other Side the Skies,

57 With frothy Spits, and filthy Flegm,
a nauseous Sight is made;
Unparallell'd Indignities
are rub'd on CHRIST our Head.

58 BELIEVER, see thy Heav'nly Prince
by *Basban's* Bulls abus'd;
As Lions ravening for Prey,
they barb'rously him us'd.

59 The very Slaves and Servants smote
him with their closed Fists;
Those Dogs, to shed his precious Blood
their Appetite thus thirsts.

60 Behold the Pearl of greatest Price
by Sinners let at nought!
Heav'n's Wisdom here's esteem'd a Fool,
to Death by Wretches brought.

24 **HYMN on the Sufferings**

- 61 This Tree of Life, amidst the Streets,
of Paradise on high
Is, Idiot-like, led forth to Death
for our Iniquity.
- 62 No Wonder then tho Earth did shake,
and Heavens dark their Light,
And Seas did rore, with all their Waves,
at such prodigious Sight;
- 63 To see our Holy JESUS scourg'd,
and Barabbas set free:
Tho Pilate willing to release,
they cry, *Him crucifie.*
- 64 This murdering seditious Wretch
the Jews had in Respect,
And him preferr'd: But King of Saints
they utterly reject.
- 65 Pilate cries out again, *Your King,*
I'll give him Liberty;
Their Answer is, *We have a Law,*
by it he ought to die.
- 66 So they at length prevail'd. Behold,
this Heathen gives him up,
With bitter Potions to the Brim
thus filled was his Cup.
- 67 They pull'd his Clothes from off his Back,
and made him naked stand,
For scourging him they did convene
of Soldiers a Band.
- 68 Some modest Persons rather would
there chuse to suffer Death,
Than, naked, face their Enemies
in their enraged Wrath.
- 69 But, how much more the bless'd Pattern
expo'd of Modesty;
With Shame, in View of his En'mies,
they us'd him spitefully.

70 Behold,

- 70 Behold! With Scourges, and with Stripes
his tender Flesh is torn;
The Standers-by did flout at him,
they held him as their Scorn.
- 71 They added Whip to Whip, until
from Top to Toe he's sore;
With knotted Cords he's cruelly lash'd,
left in a bloody Gore.
- 72 The Pillar and the Pavement, where
this glorious PRINCE he stood,
Bedewed was, and purpelled
ev'n with a Shower of Blood.
- 73 So that, unless the Godhead had
upheld him for to die
A cursed and most shameful Death,
to bring us Home on high.
- 74 He died among their bloody Hands,
O! here's redeeming Love,
A scourged, wounded, bleeding CHRIST,
he doth our Sins remove.
- 75 Thus he was scourg'd with Hands of Men,
from Lashes us to free
Of Devils, and infinite Wrath,
through all Eternitie.
- 76 O! What a Sight, a scourged CHRIST,
cloth'd with a purple Robe,
And crown'd with Thorns, Mock-homage they
thus gave the Son of GOD.
- 77 That Head and Hair, white as the Snow,
deep-dyed is with Blood;
His piercing Eyes, like Flames of Fire,
with Flegm is darkened.
- 78 Come stony, rocky Heart, dissolve
in spiritual Tears, behold
The KING of Nations pierc'd, by Foe
rude, impudent, and bold!

16 *A HYMN on the Sufferings*

- 79 The prickling Thorns did penetrate
his Flesh, when fastened
With Strokes, yea, pierc'd him to the Skull;
lo, here's a wounded Head!
- 80 And, tho enough for to distract
the Wits of any one;
He meekly bears, his Eye being fix'd
on our Salvation.
- 81 This PROPHE'T, tho condemn'd of Men,
yet he will us instruct;
And through his Suff'rings we'll be sav'd,
he'll us to Rest conduct.
- 82 Lo, he's in's Kingly Office mock'd,
that he might make to GOD
Us Kings and Priests, ev'n through his Blood
in Heav'n have our Abode.
- 83 He's Scepter'd also with a Reed,
all in a bloody Dy,
That he might give us in our Hands
the Palms of Victory.
- 84 He's now dragg'd forth to open View,
wearing his thorny Crown:
From Back, from Breast, from all his Wounds,
the Blood came trickling down.
- 85 This then was he, from Edom who
in dyed Garments came
From Bozrah, with's Apparel red,
in Triumph Victory wan.
- 86 O the great Love of CHRIST to Souls!
He voluntarily dies;
And, being wash'd in's Blood, we're cleans'd
from our Iniquities.
- 87 O DEVOUT READER, with thy self
imagine that you saw,
How CHRIST unto Mount Calvary
with Ropes and Chains they draw.

88 The thorny Crown still on his Head,
his Foes furrounding him,
Sinking under his Crois, to save
our Souls, that's sunk in Sin.

89 O! With a tender Heart behold
to Execution led
The Son of GOD, that's bloody Skirt
he over us might spread.

90 With Scourges, Stripes, and Buffetings,
with Blows, and Lashes, he's
A Hissing, and Derision, to
his wretched Enemies.

91 King CHRIST's a Bla'phemer proclaim'd,
that we proclaim'd might be
The ransom'd, and adopted Sons
of GOD, in Heav'n's Countrie.

92 And now, at length, he comes to die,
triumphing in his Crois
O'er Powers of Darknels; lo, he us
refines from all our Dross.

93 Tho with his Suff'rings almost spent,
no Cordial is giv'n,
But Gall and Vinegar: We live
ev'n through the Death of him.

94 So, for this End, the curst Tree
was thrown upon the Ground;
They nail'd his Hands and Feet to it
with Tenters long and round.

95 And then, as *Moses* lifted up
into the Wilderness
The Serpent; so the Son of Man
was lifted on the Crois.

96 They strip'd him of his gore-glew'd Clothes:
No doubt, his mangled Flesh,
By doing so, being rent and torn,
began to bleed afresh.

- 97 As not enough, like as a Thief,
of Death to make him taste :
But also, that they might him flea
like to a very Beast.
- 98 Yea, like another *Isaac*, he
was on his Burden laid :
O! Bless'd for ever be his Name,
who hath our Ransome paid.
- 99 His Garments they amongst them shar'd ;
and consequently he
Was naked hang'd upon the Cross ;
lo, here's a Mysterie,
100 That CHRIST, the Father's Darling, dy'd
in Nakedness for us,
To purchase, while we naked were,
his Robes of Righteousness.
- 101 They crucify'd him with two Thieves,
he's in the middle slain,
As judg'd more worthy of such Death
than either of the twain.
- 102 Our blessed Lord, thus numbred was
with those Transgressors vile ;
To pull his Prisoners of Hope
from black and dark Exile.
- 103 Alas! What Torments he endur'd!
The Mercy shown him there,
Was to be mock'd of Men, and tempt'd
of Devils to despair.
- 104 Deserted also of his GOD,
his Torments still increas'd,
Because eternal Torments we
deserv'd in Hell at last.
- 105 He's bath'd in's Blood, when Hands and Feet
were nail'd, and out of Joint,
That with his holy Oil he might
our wretched Souls anoint.

106 Of Torments that's unspeakable
his Soul a Feeling found,
That when we perfect made through him
might be with Glory crown'd.

107 So our Redemption-work is term'd,
wrought by this lofty One,
The Travel of his Soul for us,
he's our Fore-runner gone.

108 Us with him in's Chariot he
will bring, that's pav'd with Love,
Through Crois, through Loss, till we arrive
to Mansions that's above.

109 And now, behold, the last Conflict
for us he's enter'd on,
Black Pow'rs of Darkness, unmix'd Wrath,
hot Indignation.

110 Our Surety ceas'd, they'll not him pass;
with hideous Pangs he's pierc'd,
Till he the utmost Farthing pay.
Sweet CHRIST hath us releas'd.

111 No doubt, of these infernal Fiends
Legions assaulted him,
Once more to try if they could stain
his spotless Soul with Sin:

112 But all's in vain, he grapples with
Hell, Earth, and Heavens high,
With's Garments roll'd in Blood; at length
he gains the Victory.

113 The whole united Forces of
Hell's Regions that's below
Him pierc'd with Pains, like Hell it self,
or e'er they let him go.

114 Intending for to Ruin all
the Elect in their Head,
The second *Adam* on the Cross
now suff'ring in their stead.

- 115 Ev'n as Sin in our *Adam* first
 obnoxious made us all
 To Wrath, we thrust from Paradise
 were to a State of Thrall.
 116 I, but this heav'nly Hero stood,
 he last was on the Field;
 And gave the Conquest to his Saints,
 he purchased with Shield:
 117 Endur'd the Cross, despis'd the Shame,
 his Eye fix'd on the Joy
 Him set before, he lov'd us so,
 nothing could him annoy,
 118 Or yet divert him from this Work:
 a threefold Darkness he
 Did undergo, to save our Souls
 from wretched Misery:
 119 The FATHER did withdraw himself,
 the Sun eclips'd his Light,
 Infernal Darkness him o'erwhelm'd,
 that dismal darksome Night,
 120 When in his bloody Agony,
 and now upon the Cross,
 From Brim to Bottom drinks that Cup,
 repairing all our Lots,
 121 Which wretchedly we had sustain'd:
 And in our Room he stood,
 Bore all the Curles of the Law,
 to wash us in his Blood.
 122 Consider, who he was that dy'd;
 no Man, no Angel: He
 Was GOD, the second Person of
 the blessed Trinitie.
 123 Likewise, for whom he suffered:
 What Love like this! CHRIST dies
 For us, when we were not his Friends,
 but wretched Enemies,

- 124 Also, how long he suffered :
Ay till he fully paid
Our Ransom, ev'n his Blood, by which
strict Justice was allay'd.
- 125 Behold ! At length, most glorious CHRIST-
now giving up the Ghost ;
His Soul takes Wing to Paradise
unto his Heav'nly Host.
- 126 His Head, like to the most fine Gold,
now bowing, welcomes Death ;
Our dying Surety frees us from
God's Sin-revenging Wrath.
- 127 That Head, upon which many Crown
of Glory now do stand,
Was pierc'd and rent with prickling Thorns,
ev'n by a hellish Band.
- 128 His Eyes, like to the Eyes of Doves
that's wash'd, and fitly set,
Their Light is now extinguished,
he's held in no Respect.
- 129 Those Cheeks, like to a pleasant Bed
of Spices, now is made,
With Blows, like Bunches, all besmear'd,
with's bloody wounded Head.
- 130 His Lips, like Lillies dropping Myrrhe,
now of a Colour pale ;
His Tongue, that spoke as never Man's
to Silence Death doth seal.
- 131 That Belly, like to Iv'ry bright
with Sapphires overlaid,
Now full of swelling Wounds receiv'd,
ere he our Ransom paid.
- 132 His Hands, like unto Gold-Rings set
into the Beryl fine,
Are now depriv'd of Life, and Sense,
Blood, Beauty doth decline.
- 133 Those

22 *A HYMN on the Sufferings*

133 Those Feet, which leaping us'd to come
o'er Mountains great in Love,
Are digg'd through with piercing Nails,
not able now to move,

134 His Countenance, like *Lebanon*;
of Heav'n the brightest Light,
More marred was, than any Man's,
into his En'mies Sight.

135 Consider now, the PRINCE of Life,
how mean, how low, he lies :
Take fixed Looks, by Faith, ye Saints,
of him, for you he dies !

136 And now, when Dead, he's pierc'd with
a Spear into the Side,
From whence there Blood and Water came ;
his Love like Streams do glide.

137 This Blood, for justifying us,
of Credit is with GOD ;
The Water, us'to sanctify,
sprinkles our Hearts abroad.

138 BELIEVER, CHRIST hath opened
a Window in his Heart,
That by the Eye of Faith to thee
his Love he might impart.

139 *Joseph of Arimathea*
at length his Body sought
From *Pilate* ; when he had obtain'd,
down from the Cross him brought,

140 Then *Nicodemus* did provide
an hundred Pounds for him
Of Myrrhe and Aloes, to embalm
this Sacrifice for Sin.

141 So *Joseph* gets a Handkerchief,
and ties it on his Face ;
With Linen wrap'd his Wounds and Sores :
He's sent to his Burial-place

- 142 He's brought, and laid into a Grave,
his Life and Breath being gone;
And the Sepulchre they secur'd,
rolling to it a Stone.
- 143 This Tomb was hewn out of a Rock,
in *Josepb's* Garden, where
Never Man with Bodies dead
to bury did repair.
- 144 In Life so poor, no House, nor As;
and at his Death he had
No Grave, but in another Man's
was buried, when dead.
- 145 And in the Grave he conquered
Death in his strongest Hold,
We're Conquerors through him; this Depth
no Tongue can it unfold.
- 146 Behold! The Lion of the Tribe
of *Judah*, laid in Dust;
Unstinging Death, which should our Souls
eternally have thrust
- 147 With stinging Darts, which we deserv'd
in Hell for evermore:
He our Captivity doth lead
Captive, to lasting Glore.
- 148 Death, and the Grave, they could not hold
our lovely LORD and Head;
He by his Pow'r arose, the first
begotten of the Dead.
- 149 Here's Heav'n's eternal Wonder, Saints
with Angels love to pry
Into the Mystry of this Depth,
through all Eternity.
- 150 The Thoughts of all the Heav'nly Quires,
now glorify'd above,
No Bottom find into the Depth
of this transcendent Love.

152 *ANTHONY on the Sufferings, &c.*
 151 Let here's a Ransom shed down;
 Behold, our Dyvour-bill
 It is subscrib'd in blood, by him
 that hath infinite Skill.
 152 That blest Testator hath insert
 our Name in's Latter Will,
 For Legacy, his Purchase gives,
 that his Joy might be full.
 153 Glory, Dominion, Pow'r, and Praise,
 in lovely Songs, we'll sing:
 O Seraphs, help to laud the Praise
 of this immortal KING.
 154 Let all created Pow'rs combine
 to praise our PRINCE supreme:
 To which, with one Consent, we all
 for ever say, **AMEN.**

F I N I S



